


IVY LEAVES



Spring 1967



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IVY LEAVES

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The Cover

The Zodiac signs of Pisces, Aries and Aquarius speak for the months January through April on the cover of this spring issue of the Ivy Leaves. Folklore, fantasy, or fact, the stars have played an interest in the lives and fortunes of man for centuries. Pisces, the poet; Aries, the pioneer; and Aquarius, the truth seeker, depict the mood of this issue. The cover that so unmistakably represents the contents was designed by Kathleen Inabinet.

Editorial

In the spring edition of *Ivy Leaves*, the staff has endeavored to give back to Anderson College in published form, the best of its creativity in poetry, prose, and illustrative art.

In our academic schedule here we have read and studied from the best that our British and American ancestors as well as our writing contemporaries have thought and said. And from the knowledge and insight gained we have branched out in pursuit of harnessing our perception of the world in which we live. Inkings of how we are tuned in to the joys and criticisms of our times are shown here through the eyes of classmates and friends.

It has been a fruitful two years here and I have enjoyed serving the editorship of *Ivy Leaves*. I hope that graduating sophomores will carry this publication with them upon leaving, for it is the only printed recordation of their classmates thoughts, ideas, and feelings.

We appreciate the efforts of all involved in helping the staff of *Ivy Leaves* to share in the experience of a literary service to you.

Among Other Villages

Go back to the moment that lived in the candle flame!
Discover a furtive thief
of battered gold.
With clamorous display comes
the crash of winter
The colors of the evening sky
criss-crossing
And mutterings heard previously
Where casual
Repose has died,
A spectacular ride.

A set of questions pointed at the heart
To set at ease
Are submitted and the answers follow
The secret is truly jade
and sought at every place
by any race.
Sought in the village
In cellars
In flat lands
In the afternoon, back
And with the more aggressive tone
with smiling cupids, antiques, and jewelry,
And even puppets from Sicily
The place is near paradise
But immediately one way.
And its people are not numbers but invisible.
All fringed and set near potted plants
(You should have seen them carrying it)
That fan of blue flamed desires
And private debate.

Go by boat!
Among other villages
Some of them are thick in fleas
and yell all night
Out side the window—among other villages
And the proposal would permit a glow of color

Deliberate reflections at last.
Relax in certainty
Despite occasional frustrations
Certainty will be gracefully in operation.

They said there was a woman who'd broken her arm.
Ah the glory of circumstance's charm.

Danny B. Collins

Sunset Menagerie

the clouds are long and thin
moving along the sky
like a portable grey zoo.

they form a silent caravan
slowly as they lope — bending and stretching
but never stopping to rest.

faster, then slower, wild uncaged
beasts of the past before my eyes
rise and turn and kick and snarl.

darkness comes on tiptoe
to wrap them tenderly
in a cape of chloroform.

larger clouds firmly grasp and mold them
to the generally prescribed nothingness
of a night with no stars.

but around it a small wind swirls
growing, tossing, laughing
at the idiocy of night.

laughter often brings rage and tears—
emotions which tug at the soul
like children on a mother's skirt.

in rage the wind pushes at the dark clouds
fearless of their ponderous size
knowing their blatant emptiness.

tears of sorrow crystallize and hang
suspended in a silent sky trembling
as if fearing the height.

a guide to the small figures below
turning eyes and hearts upon them
yet they wish they could fade and fall . . .

laughter is the detergent of the heart
and tears, the window cleaner of the soul.

—Morris



To Care

The crowd moves endlessly on,
Hypnotized by its own movement.
Life passes on each side,
But it is not discovered.
At times, a cog in the machine stops
And reaches out slowly—unsurely—
For help.

or love

or understanding.

Yet the others move on
Slightly noticing—but too busy to be involved.
Too busy with living to realize life
Too busy to learn to care.
Life moves on either side
But reaches no soul—but one
Who stops

and looks

and cares.

Magic Moments

Magic Moments are
The fall of pure snow on grass
The glow of sunset
Being alone in a crowd
Magic moments — Shaping life

Gloria Bell

Haiku

Winter is not sad,
Nor cold, nor dead, nor tiresome.
Hearts alone are that.

Genie Webb

Cinquain

In folds
Of velvet lies
Encased the crown of gold
So long been sought with blood and tears
Now won.

Nancy Hill

Modern Man

I doubt belief—now I am free!
Thus spake Modern Man.
I'm dying in my freedom.
Modern Man has spoken.

I need science; science that is relentless.
Thus spake Modern Man.
Science no longer needs me!
Modern Man has spoken.

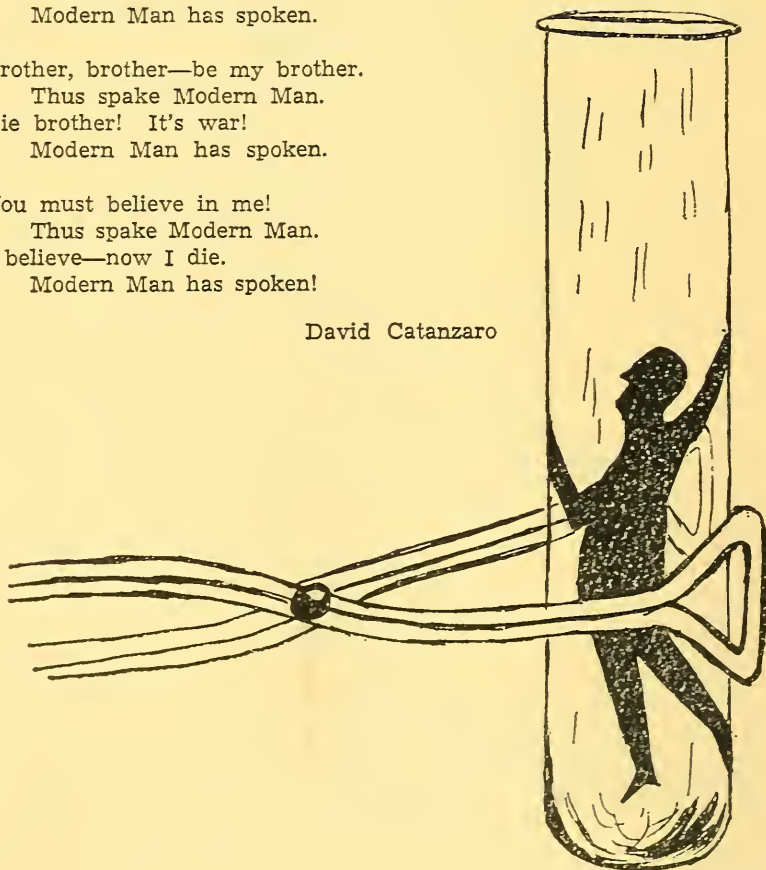
I crave unrestricted passion, full passion!
Thus spake Modern Man.
But passion is raped!
Modern Man has spoken.

Kill art! Kill music! I want life!
Thus spake Modern Man.
My soul aches from life.
Modern Man has spoken.

Brother, brother—be my brother.
Thus spake Modern Man.
Die brother! It's war!
Modern Man has spoken.

You must believe in me!
Thus spake Modern Man.
I believe—now I die.
Modern Man has spoken!

David Catanzaro





The Village Poems

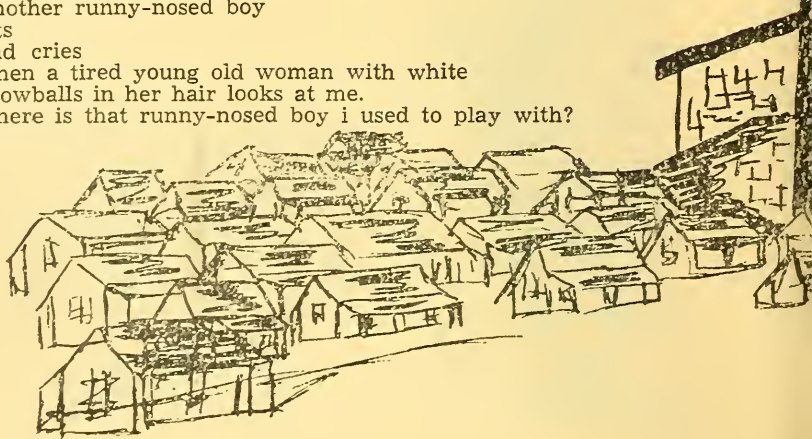
ED. NOTE: This is a special section which we are especially proud to print. It consists of three poems called "the village poems" by Clyde W. Belcher. They are written from the author's experiences while growing up in the mill village on the West side of Greenville, South Carolina. Although they are current entries in several National Poetry Contests, they are being printed here for the first time.

There is virtually no punctuation but the meaning of the experience of what Clyde calls "the bitter sweet of want" is very clear in "the runny-nosed boy i used to play with." This poem is the representation of how a young boy grows up to the knowledge that his small group of playmates and their parents who work in the mill are only a limited segment of the world. The feeling of togetherness is spelled out in "amy was sick." The phrase "i was happy until i knew" exemplifies the author's realization of the existence of social barriers.

The "death of walter smith" tells a story similar to that revealed in T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."

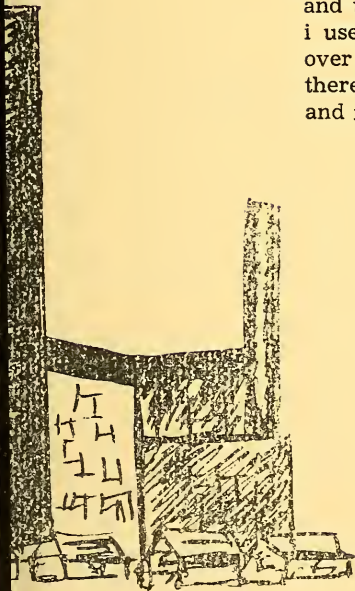
the runny-nosed boy i used to play with

sometimes a tin can makes an empty sound
down
a deserted street.
a light
from the streetlamp makes giant shadows
walk
in the little Baptist cemetery.
there is a crooked cross
half sunk in the soft ground . . .
where is that runny-nosed boy i used to play with?
i see the old apple tree where i shot an indian
with a bobbin for a gun.
and those spindle cones were pirates' spyglass.
where is that runny-nosed boy i used to play with?
we watched, he and i
dancing glitter in the water tank at sunset.
where is he?
where are farway stories?
we used to pull a wagon
with a goat
through the village.
and dance and sing for pennies
Buy some Clove Salve, Mister!
a few pennies in this alternation of night and day.
where is that runny-nosed boy i used to play with
i came back, runny-nosed boy . . .
i said i would
here to the village
i came back
in my haunted head we are still playing in the street
you can eat at my house tonight
if there is enough.
i can see us now and here
in this street neath the water oak
where we hunted tigers, and found
black gold.
this cross is a reward
for knowing the bitter sweet of want.
i wish we could build another sled
from an apple crate and once again
chase Mrs. Brown's chickens with rocks.
where is that runny-nosed boy i used to play with?
the light
from a doorway
hits a deserted street
another runny-nosed boy
sits
and cries
when a tired young old woman with white
snowballs in her hair looks at me.
where is that runny-nosed boy i used to play with?



amy was sick

amy was sick and i took her
some flowers that mrs. lockabee
grewed in her back yard
and there were twenty five houses in a row.
monday follows
sunday comes
tuesday . . . until
saturday
from 7 to 3 and 12 to 7
make 3.
amy's father is on the first
mine is on the second
and johnny's is on the third
twenty five houses in a row.
we played ball in the street
everyone was everyone, and i
was happy until i knew
mama perry's cafeandgrocery was dirty
but the dirt was clean
porkn'beans doughnuts and coffee
a doffer makes less than a loomfixer
but all pay the same.
amy was sick and dying . . . we gave
and the ellison's gave
and twenty five houses in a row gave.
i used to climb a tree and look
over the water tower to town
there were no houses in a row
and i was happy until i knew



the death of walter smith

under the yellow mist of a street light
walter smith pulls at the collar of his raincoat
and walks a funeral march
past a neon flashing sign
past the grey smoke from a midnight bar
walter smith pulls at the collar of his raincoat
and tugs at the brim of his hat
past the dark alley
past the dirty hotel door with stains on the glass
past rats scurrying in the hall
through his 214 door into his secret world of
a tattered letter . . . torn
a faded picture
read, reread, read . . . tattered and torn
every line is known to memory
a faded picture
a dead smile
one moment of happiness or was it a dream,
a dream walter smith!
death walter smith . . . slow death

two women pass beneath the window of 214
pretty women though catching the last rays
of a sun that will soon grow dim . . . women
walter smith has known women
hundreds of women . . . in room 214
young women full women even girls
beautiful sweet affectionate women
he has courted them in the swirling flame
of cigarette smoke
he has loved them in the slinking shadows of twilight
they have whispered to him in the silence of an empty room
Yes he has loved them all . . . and they . . . they did not
love him
Under the covers in room no 214 walter smith
does not sleep . . . only then does he begin to live
and relive the day — walter smith
the saddest thoughts are what might have been
death slow death walter smith
in the lonely crowd of the city
there are a hundred walter smiths.



The Market Place

i went to the market place
in search of God but
he was not there
he was not among
the fishes
the loaves of bread
the meats
the fruit
nor the wine
for the air was as thin as
wisps of moonlight
falling on the forest floor
i went to the
graveyards
and the places
where life began
i searched among
children and animals
but nowhere was he to be found
then as my hope
fell away
i beheld the face of a father speaking
to his son
and as i watched he
sent him out into the world but
only i saw the tear in his eye
i knew i had seen God

Hank Roberts

11-7-66

crystals —
shining, shimmering —
fall.
flake by flake they mount
forming hills and valleys.
lightly they dance
like cold white dust
blown like a giant windmill.
they tumble as they turn —
laughing —
hidden are the scars
and silenced are the sounds
by the snow.

Tinka White



Symbolism In "Little Red Riding Hood"

(Because of the overflow of 'symbolism' in our literature today it is the author's belief that man is fast becoming 'Homo-Symbolicus.' The following is a satirical look at one of the most renowned children's fairy tales through the eyes of a 20th century symbolist.)

A stirring elegy of misguided love, human decay and psychopathic drama, "Little Red Riding Hood" has influenced the lives of millions of readers throughout the centuries.

The reader first comes upon **RRH**, the innocent though rejected child of indifferent parents (obviously lower class). Even the name "Red Riding Hood" suggests the downright cruelty inflicted upon their unwanted, unloved child. The ulterior meaning is, of course, the way she is forced to wear a red cape and hood at all times, similar to a method used by Nathaniel Hawthorne when he brands one of his principal characters with a scarlet letter. Another meaning, which is ironic, is the connotation acquired by the innocent young maiden — her name again. Any reader with only average intelligence can decipher this: her parents made it quite clear to the entire countryside that the child was to be called Red Riding Hood only, despite the fact that she actually loathed the very mention of this insinuating name and was unable to halt the use of it.

Still critics hold that the "hood" is actually a defense mechanism by which **RRH** withdraws from society. It is through this paranoid character that the author conveys his message.

As the plot unfolds, **RRH** is sent by her mother to the cottage of the hypochondriac grandmother. It is indicated here that the grandmother is becoming senile in that she is appeased by the "goodies." Obviously an attempt on the author's part to show the decay of society. In order for the grandmother to receive these goodies, **RRH** must traverse through a dangerous woods, reported to be infested by child-molesting wolves. To be sent on such a perilous journey is clear proof of the rejection of this innocent child on the part of her sinister parents.

RRH is at once the last flame of hope for a decaying society (hypochondriac grandmother). The reader can hardly help noting the impending futilism of **RRH's** task as she blissfully takes up the goodies, totally unaware to face the dangers lurking in yon wood.

Next the reader is introduced to who is by far the most misunderstood and tragic character in this whole allegory . . . the Wolf. The Wolf is tragic in that he has failed to cope with the cruel social barriers set upon him by his existing society. So warped is his background that he has become the personification of evil. Society which has brought about his "evil nature," will ultimately fall at his hands, as the reader sees the impending doom of grandmother and **RRH**.

The basic theme of "Little Red Riding Hood" involves three things — Red Riding Hood, the last hope of a decaying society, which is evident in the hypochondriac grandmother, who is finally defeated by an evil created by the society itself, the wolf. It is ironical that the author used a paranoid character to display the last hope of a sick society.

However, the reader can not be left feeling the author had such a pessimistic outlook on life. For in the original version, it is true that the grandmother is eaten by the wolf; but a hunter — the salvation of all mankind — comes to the rescue of **RRH**, kills the evil wolf, and cuts open the stomach of the wolf, from which the grandmother emerges forth, her sickness gone away, replaced by renewed health and well being.

Len Farmer

1 2 3 4

There was a wall angling to my left and dead ahead was my destination—a small side porch. I could feel my hands and knees on the red linoleum rug covered in big orange flowers. And then I could see a large white thing that shook and rattled and poured water off the porch through a round black tube. It was a washing machine. There were a lot of clothes around and the wood porch was green and smelled of water and the sun was shining.

Of course I don't recall learning to walk but I do remember the rug, and the green porch and the sunlight. And later, a couple of months or three, it was another warm day; I was standing between grandmother's apple tree and the "little white building" as she called it, watching some other children play. There were some clothes lines overhead, and I think it was my brother and some friends playing. They came closer and closer until one of them hit me. I fell and cried and someone carried me to this dark haired lady, who was yelling something from the back steps of our little house. That was the first time I remember seeing mother.

We moved from the house next to grandmother's that fall when I was a year old. My brother was three and we moved in with a lady named Miss White in Gastonia, North Carolina. I supposed at the time that she was so named because of the color of her hair. I can remember how the interior of the house looked: a glaring lamp, a big green chair, high ceilings and a hall that ran from the front door to the back. It was a large house and included a porch in back that I wasn't allowed to play on because it was rickety.

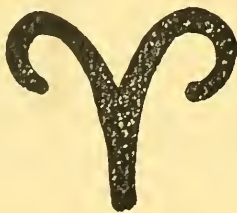
Then it was a very dark night and some man came to the front door. Mother answered to the knock on the door, I think because Miss White lived at the back of the house and Mother was closer to it. I followed her into the hall and hid behind her while she spoke to whoever was calling.

A boy lived across the street named Jerry McSwain. His father owned a large funeral home. He had a sister and a Schwinn bicycle. The sister was older than Jerry or my brother and they talked about her. I didn't understand that they were wondering about the differences between boys and girls. The bicycle was what Bernie talked about most, because I don't think he had one at the time. He was six and I was about three and a half. We played in the upstairs of Jerry's house—mostly in the bath room where we played boats with soap that floated and climbed a fence in the back yard that I could never get down from and cried until Bernie helped me. But the most important thing I remember is that the floor was carpeted in Jerry's house and we didn't have carpet or window seats or a large green back yard or any of the nice things that he had. And my brother always wore his blue cap side ways with the bill over one ear. Pretty soon I began to like eggs, and we moved to another part of town.

Here we owned a back yard and had a brown dog named "Penny." I think my father named about six dogs in a row by that name. There were a store and a bakery several blocks away. Bernie and I pulled my wagon to these and brought home such items as bread, milk and rolls. One day I almost stepped on a garden snake, and another day I fell from an apple tree. And then my sister was born. I hardly remember her until she was older. I tried to ride a bike unsuccessfully and learned that ice was slippery and that I couldn't stand on big pieces of it. We had to go to the hospital to have my lip patched up, and the place stunk; but I didn't have to go to Sunday school that morning so it was all okay.

I spent most of my time playing make-believe, and there was a girl across the street that I frequently lured into my father's chicken pen and locked up. She was interesting because she had a little brother that wet on himself all the time which made me feel superior. In the mornings I would fill an old satchel with magazines and try following my brother to school. I never did understand why I couldn't go. The first time I remember seeing my father was one day when he fell in the yard and I laughed because he looked so odd. I don't think that he liked my laughing at all. Only one thing happened here of any great significance , but before telling it I must say a couple other things. I recall getting into an argument with both my parents about a dog that had run away and come back. Also, Bernie and I watched television at Dickey Perry's house every night and one night Dickey's mother gave us a tremendous stuffed bear which eventually got wet and died. However, it came back and talked to my brother through the window every evening. I couldn't see him but Bernie could and I listened as they talked. One day I told Bernie to go to hell and mother told me that I shouldn't have and then washed my mouth out with a bar of soap. At this time I had a tremendous fear of cars and elevators and other people's dogs.

I played cowboys in the mornings and was always Gene Autry. When mother would whip me, as she frequently did, I always ran



to the mirror and ripped off my cowboy suit because I believed that cowboys couldn't get whippings.

What I feel is significant is the relationship I had with an old man who lived nearby. He actually lived in an old shed of some sort with a wood stove and a mattress on the floor. I think he was either disabled or too old to care for himself but mother told me that he was just lazy and an old bum. Of course I didn't believe her because he was my friend. He was tall and wore an old blue suit. In any case I would sneak down to his old shack which was behind our house and in a field of sage to help him carry water. Mother warned me over and over not to go near him but I trusted and liked the old man just the same. However, sometimes when I would tell her of his situation she'd give in and send him some food. You could see right through the walls of his place and it was very dirty. I'd take my wagon and carry food that he bought at the store but mostly I carried wood because he didn't buy much food. Anyhow he would sometimes give me a dime for my efforts. The important thing was that we had a very warm relationship. It is still one of the most pleasant friendships I've known.

Then we moved again. Over to Chester street, where we had the same furniture, Daddy raised turkeys instead of chickens, and my best friend got terrible beatings from his grandmother every day. I tortured my sister all the time and my brother told thousands of lies on me and we had swinging doors in the house. I finally learned to eat potatoes, crawl up under the house, and buy drinks at the corner station where the man had to lean down to hear what I wanted. My brother shot me with a B.B. gun, and I saw a dump truck hit our dog and kill him. Mother raced out and wanted to report the driver and Dad buried the dog later. Everyone cried but me. And my Aunt Joan and Uncle Foster came to see us and I watched her baby nurse. My father bought a new car, gave me money when we went up town and scolded me for spending it all while Bernie saved his. Mother and I looked for four-leaf clovers in the front yard in the summer and she made snow icecream in the winter. I frequently did helpful things like pulling all the corn up in the garden. It was small and I couldn't tell it from the grass. We ate pickles, and killed turkeys, and I found out that I was left handed and started to school.

Danny B. Collins

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